

The Grail

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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE

DEAR GRAIL READERS:

Comparisons are odious" is a common saying among men. Nevertheless, sometimes comparisons are profitable because they awaken appreciation.

Not Godless but Purely Human

On the Sunday before Christmas I had the pleasure of presence at a unique and unprecedented ceremony—the unveiling of a fine Santa Claus statue at Santa Claus, Indiana (a village ten miles from the Grail headquarters). It was really interesting and nobly motivated. But when all was over and our little party left for home, I felt as though the ceremony was incomplete. Nice words had been spoken. The veil had been drawn aside gracefully by four little children. And there was the smiling image of dear old Santa. Then it dawned on me: All that had been done was purely human. We heard only the words of men. We saw only the actions of humans. I had missed the holy

water, the smoke of burning incense, the chanting of psalm verses.

God Talks and Acts

At a like ceremony in the Catholic Church, the affair would have been a religious ceremony. St. Nicholas is too near to God to be dissociated from Him in his functions as Santa. A Santa statue would be blessed in a becoming manner. Now here is the happy thought: When we sprinkle an object (or ourselves) with holy water; when we encircle a thing with the sweet odor of blessed incense; when we recite the prayers of the Church, scriptural prayers, why then it is God who acts and God who talks. The ceremony takes on a dignity divine. There is also a corresponding efficacy that we can more safely trust than our own poor efficiency.

Dominus Vobiscum

Why shouldn't God be with us to act and talk in our midst through the veil of His assumed other self or "Alter Christus"? You remember those consol-
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Dominus vobiscum—The Lord be with you.

Theme Songs of the Mass

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

"YOU looked like a funeral procession coming down the street," I greeted the Cynic as he tossed his hat in the general direction of the hat-rack and slumped down in my favorite chair.

"You're original at least," he commented; "that's the first time anyone ever called me a procession. What did you want me to do, though, come swinging around the corner singing 'Happy Days?'"

"It would be an improvement," I admitted, "but whatever you do, don't hurt yourself too much."

"Talking about processions, though," I continued, "the way you came down the street fairly radiating the spirit of a funeral procession made me think of the manner in which the Church puts her people in the spirit of her various services."

The Cynic sat up. Liturgy, I knew, was his weakness and, rather than subject myself to his "line" I talked fast.

"The Church wasn't founded yesterday or the day before. Schooled by centuries of experience, she knows a few things about human nature and a good bit of psychology. She knows that a man must have something to do to keep out of mischief, so she gives him something to do during processions. She knows how dejecting and how mournful a silent procession may be. She realizes also that music and song are instruments that regulate human moods and emotions as no other. That is why, for instance, at a High Mass, the priest's entrance is greeted with a burst of song."

"Not where I come from," interrupted the Cynic.

"Probably not," I said, "if you still have that choir I heard once. An Introit does not give it a chance to throw in a lot of operatic frills and foolishness. That choir can't see anything which doesn't offer it an opportunity to show off. And that is just what is the matter with too many of our choirs. But let's forget that. I have something else to talk about besides my pet peeve.

"The Introit, or entrance song, as sung or said today, is but a remnant of the old processional chant that accompanied the march of the people and ministers to the altar where the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered. In the ages of faith the procession was a long one; so long, in fact, that a good-sized psalm and then some was sung during it. Two or three leaders would chant a verse of the chosen psalm and then all the people would come in on the refrain. This continued until the Bishop arrived at his throne and gave the signal for the Gloria Patri and the repetition of the antiphon with which the chant ended.

"The sole purpose of this chant was to accompany the procession. Consequently, when, during the course of time, the procession kept getting shorter and shorter, the chant likewise dwindled down until it reached its present form of an antiphon, one or two verses of a psalm, and a repetition of the antiphon.

"Most of the Introits are taken from the psalms. The reason is readily apparent, for the only hymn book that the early Christians had was the psalter. Although practically all the Introits are taken from the Bible, or at least based on Biblical texts, some few of more recent composition are non-Scriptural in character. One, the one for Tuesday after Pentecost, is even taken from the apocryphal book of 4 Esdras. When you compare your Introits with the text as it is in your Bible, you will find some discrepancy, for the Introits are taken from the old Itala text and not from the Vulgate.

"Before the ninth century the priest did not repeat the Introit after it had been chanted. Now, however, it forms the first prayer of the Mass, for you remember that the prayers at the foot of the altar were originally only a private devotion left to the option of each priest."

The Cynic shifted his position and asked, "Just why, to back you up a little, just why do the choir and priest repeat the antiphon part of the Introit?"

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Sume et Suscipe

Comtesse Joseph de Sonis

EVENING shadows were creeping up from the depths of the valley, where the river murmured gently on its way to the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Only the highest mountains still wore their crowns of gold, bequeathed to them by the last look of the setting sun. The lowing of the herds returning from pasture, and the twitter of the birds seeking shelter, showed that the reign of night was very near.

Yet no cloud of dust arose from that ribbon of white road, just visible beyond the green stretches of cork-trees; and little Yamina's blue eyes filled with tears as she stood motionless upon the hill-top, watching in vain for the motor-car of Guy de Morlan, the young owner of all those vast forests, who lived upon his estate with his widowed mother and a few faithful servants.

Yamina had left the rock heights of her native Kabylia in her babyhood; when her mother, the beautiful Fatima, whose blue eyes and fair skin she had inherited, had been brought to this wooded valley in Algeria by her second husband, tall fierce-looking Belkacem.* Transplanted from her own soil, Fatima had pined away and died, leaving her tiny orphan daughter to face life as she could; and the waif had thriven amongst strangers, in spite of neglect and hard treatment, and had sprung up into a remarkably beautiful girl.

She had played with the children of the other Arab tenants of the estate, and had accompanied them to one of the Government schools, scattered here and there for the population of the many mechtas* nestling in the clearings of the forests, or perched upon the hillsides. Her beauty had made her a favorite with the teachers; and, being an apt pupil, she had learned to speak French with fluency and an almost pedantic correctness, which was very charming upon her pretty rosy lips.

She was equally popular at the Chateau, as was generally called the de Morlans' handsome moorish house, and she went there as often as

possible; sometimes to take Madame offerings of wild flowers, artistically arranged by her deft little fingers; sometimes for lessons of sewing and embroidery from Brigitte, the old Provençale nurse who had brought up Guy. The devoted servant loved to tell stories about her cherished young master; and Yamina was never tired of listening to her; for this tall, slender girl of fourteen, whose loveliness had just aroused Belkacem's attention to the fact that she should fetch a high price in the matrimonial market, worshipped the very ground which Guy trod upon. She looked up to him as the incarnation of all that was good and noble; a smile from him as he passed on horseback through the forests was her sunshine; a word of praise from him when he deigned to look at her work was her most precious reward.

She liked best to see him on his horse; and always felt sorry and a little frightened when he whizzed past in his red motor-car, the first thing of its kind which had ever penetrated that peaceful valley, whose road along the riverside had hitherto seen only veiled women and burnous-draped men ride by on slowly trotting mules.

Yamina disliked the car all the more that Guy generally used it to go on longer expeditions, which meant longer absences from his forest home; and, the child would adroitly question Brigitte as to his plans and the probable hour of his return whenever she had seen him disappear in that accursed red machine.

If he was late, she shared his mother's anxiety, and would climb the steep hill behind the house in order to be the first to signal his return.

And thus it came to pass that on a certain summer evening Yamina was at her post, anxiously straining her bright eyes to watch for the car in the distance.

Like Sister Anne, she saw nothing, and with a heavy heart she returned to the Chateau to try and reassure her kind benefactress, and give her some of the confidence which she was far from possessing herself. Monsieur Guy was

* Arab villages.

very imprudent and accidents happened so easily. Besides, several cars had been attacked lately by Arab brigands and the police had not yet discovered the criminals.

Feeling anxious and depressed, she went home to her stepfather's gourbi to acquit herself of her usual tasks of preparing the evening couss-couss and of milking the cows. Then, when the frugal meal was over and the men of the family had gone out again, while the women and children retired to rest, she herself slipped outside cautiously and sped away towards the Chateau, to enquire whether Madame had received any news of her son.

She took care to give a wide berth to her step-father and his brother and son, who were squatting together on the ground at the foot of a majestic cork-tree; and breathed a sigh of relief at having escaped their notice.

Then she caught sight of the de Morlans' Arab servant, Zoubir, coming down the hill, and she was going to hasten up to him, when something in the man's stealthy movements made her check her impulse and hide in the shadows, whence she could see without being seen. When he had passed her, she turned back and followed him, her heart beating with undefined apprehension and dread, when she saw that he was directing his steps towards the trio she herself had just avoided. Gliding noiselessly behind him, she drew near enough to the group to hear their low voices and to catch what Zoubir was saying:

"I tell you, I am certain of it all. He has gone to town to fetch the money to pay Sidi Hassen for a bit of land which he has just bought from him. He was to have got back this afternoon; and Madame was anxious. Then the telephone rang, and I listened under the window and understood all from Madame's answers, for she kept saying that it was very imprudent to come alone at night. Something was wrong with the car that would not be ready till nine; so that he should reach home about midnight."

"It is nine now," whispered Belkacem; "and that young fool must be just starting. He should reach the pass of El Kantour in two hours, and that is the best place. We will put wires across the road at that sharp turning; and probably the car will capsize and go into

the ravine. If he is unconscious, we will not molest him; but simply take the money. If he sees the wires and stops... well, we have our guns. But anyhow, we have no time to lose."

The wretches withdrew, leaving Yamina sick and faint with horror. She had always felt a secret aversion to her step-father; but she had never suspected him of being such a scoundrel. And Zoubir... the servant who had been with such kind masters for years... oh, the hateful love of money which could inspire such wickedness.

What should she do? Should she go to the Chateau and warn Madame? That would only terrify her uselessly, for it was too late to telephone now, and all the French servants were too old to be of any help; while, after the unexpected treachery which she had just discovered, she dared not appeal to any of the Arabs.

There was only one solution; she herself must stop the car before it passed the Pass. Every forest path was familiar to her; and she saw at once the shortest cuts to take in order to outstrip the conspirators.

The silver moon was rising above the trees; and, once she was clear of the gourbis, its light would help her. And soon the radiant queen of the night looked down upon a lithe, slight figure speeding along as little Yamina ran with all her might, faster even than in any of those races with her childish companions, in which she had generally been the proud winner. The night was hot and sultry; before long her little body was bathed in sweat. Her breath came heavily and her heart beat violently between fatigue, anxiety, and terror.

She had been running for more than an hour, when at last she reached the point which she was aiming at upon the roadside some miles beyond the hateful Pass where the brigands were lying in wait. The car could not possibly have passed yet; but would Guy see her and hear her calls? Then, too, what other dangers might not be lurking amidst all those black shadows of the forest lying on each side of the road? Might not Belkacem and his accomplices come farther than they had at first planned?... "Allah, all powerful, all merciful, help me," she cried, as she sank upon the ground, exhausted by her race.

It seemed to her that she had been lying there

for hours when she suddenly started to her feet; for her sharp ear had caught the sound of the motor in the distance. Could those at the Pass hear it too? Till then she had kept prudently in the shadows; but now she must attract Guy's attention. She stepped boldly out into the moonlit road. She felt faint with fear, thinking of panthers prowling in the forest, of men, yet more cruel and blood-thirsty, lying in wait with guns, and for whom her little white-clad form would offer such an easy target.

The car was approaching; she saw its lights and heard the hooting of the horn as the driver evidently espied that figure on his path. Hoot after hoot came repeatedly as she did not move. On the contrary, as the car bore down upon her, she threw out her slender arms to make a still more efficient barrier, and to show her determination not to stir. For a moment she thought that she must surely be run over; she shut her eyes and clenched her teeth. Then, suddenly, the car stopped, and an angry voice began to call out indignant remonstrances, which changed to an amazed:

"Yamina . . . child . . . you here . . . what is the meaning of this?"

"I will tell you that as we go," she replied, "for you must turn back, and go with me to the nearest village as quickly as possible."

"Is anything wrong? Is my mother ill? Am I to fetch the doctor?" asked the young man anxiously.

"No, no; Madame is all right. Do as I tell you, and I will explain," implored the girl with such energy that Guy obeyed; and soon they were whirling along, retracing the road by which he had just come.

Then in a few hurried words Yamina told him of the abominable plot and of the ruffians lying in wait for him, adding that she had thought it all out, and that they had just time to go to the village of Azeba and send the gendarmes, who must come upon the criminals from behind, in the opposite direction to that

in which they would be watching for the car, and so, take them by surprise.

"They will begin by swearing that they are on the look-out for jackals," she said; "but they will soon confess and denounce Zoubir who must be arrested too."

"And you, Yamina? What if they ever suspect you?"

"Oh, they would kill me," answered the girl carelessly; "but that would be better than selling me to an Arab husband, as they intend to do."

"You poor child," said Guy feelingly; "you have saved me, and I must save you. Tonight I will take you to the Sisters at Azeba; and later on we will see what can be done. You are a brave, splendid girl, and both I and my mother will always remember what you have done for me."

They were not long in reaching the village, whence the gendarmes were at once despatched to the spot indicated by Yamina. Then Guy took the exhausted girl to the little Convent, where the kind Sisters gave her a tender welcome, expressing much sympathy and great admiration for her courage and self-devotion.

Having roused the Post Office with some difficulty, Guy telephoned to reassure his mother; and then went to the humble hotel to await the return of the gendarmes.

His enforced inaction was a bitter ordeal, and the long hours passed slowly in suspense which was becoming intolerable, when at last he heard the sound of hoofs in the distance and hurried outside. He had been terribly anxious, hoping and praying that no brave fellow should get hurt in the accomplishment of his duty; and it was a relief to see the little troop before him, with the four criminals handcuffed in their midst; for Zoubir had been discovered lurking in the forest and had been arrested too.

The wires placed across the road and the guns in their hands gave such strong evidence

The Mass

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

*Yes, that's my Friend,
He goes to death for me,
A bloodless death,
Wait, Friend, I'll go with Thee.*

*With the white host
Upon a golden plate,
I place my soul,
To share with Christ His fate.*

*I'll be a man
My Friend can't out-friend me
Tho it is death—
Wait, Friend, I'll die with Thee.*

against the rascals that they saw the uselessness of denial and confessed not only this last criminal project, but former similar exploits; and there was no need for Yamina's evidence to have them all convicted and sentenced to long imprisonment.

Still Madame de Morlan and her son felt that it would be rash to let the child return to her Arab home, since her disappearance on the tragic night must have revealed something of the rôle she had played. After much reflection they decided to send her to the White Sisters at Thibar in Tunisia.

Except for the sorrow of leaving her kind friends and benefactors, Yamina was overjoyed at the decision, and entered enthusiastically upon her new and very different life in Cardinal Lavigerie's little settlement of Christian Arabs.

Her sweetness and docility at once won all hearts, while her naturally fine character ripened and developed in the atmosphere which she had, from the first, found so congenial. Above all, her pure young soul was drawn to the Holy Faith practised around her, and she accepted its great truths eagerly and spontaneously, as a fair flower opens its petals to the sun's rays and drinks in the refreshing dew of heaven.

Madame de Morlan had hoped and expected something of the kind, but her fondest dreams were surpassed by the accounts received from Thibar of her little protégée's perfect disposition and the immense satisfaction which she gave. In course of time came the happy news that Yamina was to be baptized; and then the kind Frenchwoman was told of the great piety with which her little godchild, now bearing the name of Agnes, had made her First Communion and been confirmed.

The girl herself wrote touching letters of gratitude which revealed the ardent faith of her beautiful soul.

* * *

Three years had passed since the departure of little Yamina, when, one day in early spring, Guy told his mother that he was obliged to go to Tunis on business, and spoke of the possibility of a visit to Thibar to see their little convert.

On his return he was full of rapturous praise of Agnes' sweetness and beauty, declaring that

he would not have recognized their little Kabyle friend in the tall, fair girl, whose origin none would suspect but for the little Saracen cross which the moslem Imam had tattooed upon her brow at her birth.

"Indeed" remarked Guy, "that mark only adds a strange charm to her loveliness; and, I assure you, mother, Agnes could hold her own amongst the most brilliant and aristocratic French beauties."

"My darling, I think that you exaggerate," laughed his mother tenderly; "the next time we go to France you will realize the difference, and I hope find me the daughter whom I am longing to welcome and to love before I sing my Nunc Dimittis."

"Don't talk of such things, you sweetest of mothers," protested the son; "why you still look young enough to be taken for my sister; and I don't at all see some elegant damsel from over the seas fitting in with our forest life."

Was it because of this conversation that Guy refused to go to France the following summer, declaring himself perfectly contented to remain in their peaceful valley? The mother and son spent the long hot days together in their usual happy intimacy, and no further allusion was made to Agnes.

The summer months went by; autumn was passing into winter with rapidly shortening days, when, one evening, the young man suddenly proposed a scheme for visiting Tunis together and spending Christmas at Thibar.

"I am sure that you would love to hear the White Fathers sing Mass, mother darling," he urged coaxingly; "and then you could see for yourself what your little protégée has become."

Her son's plan filled Madame de Morlan with vague reluctance; still she had no plausible objection to make, while the idea of a sojourn in the Christian settlement attracted her strongly.

So she entered sympathetically upon all Guy's plans for their little tour and wrote to the Father Superior to ask whether they could be received in the guest house, reserved for visitors from the outside world. But when, a few days later, she opened the letter bearing the Tunisian stamp, her face fell, she glanced at Guy anxiously as she said:

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Philosophy---Kantian Origin of Pragmatism

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

IN the last article we considered what Pragmatism is in general. Now let us see how philosophers came to this notion of considering truth in a pragmatic way. Pragmatism is a phase of modern philosophy and is the natural outcome of the modern way of thinking. Scholastic philosophers have a high respect for authority and hence take a docile attitude towards the great masters. Their great master is St. Thomas Aquinas. Do modern philosophers also have a master? Although they pride themselves in their independence of thinking, nevertheless they have a master. Their master is Kant. What St. Thomas is to scholastic philosophers, that Kant is to modern philosophers. Even though the name, Kant, may not be frequently mentioned, still it was Kant who started the movement, and consciously or unconsciously they are deducing conclusions from Kantian principles.

Immanuel Kant was born in 1724 at Koenigsberg, Germany. He was an ardent student and thought that he had accomplished wonderful things in philosophy. When he died in 1804 he was convinced that he had finally discovered true philosophy. He was sure that posterity would also be convinced on this point.

Kant asked two very important questions: 1) Can we know things as they are? 2) How must we act in practical life? After a long and elaborate investigation Kant finally comes to the conclusion that we cannot know anything about the real nature of things. Kant, however, does not deny the existence of things. He simply says that we do not know anything essential about them. Things appear to us and cause the cognitive faculties to act according to their own subjective forms. These subjective forms are merely subjective and do not correspond to reality.

But if we cannot know things as they are, should we lose our respect for all truth and act as we please? Should we, for instance, act as if we were not certain that God existed? or that our soul is immortal? Kant says, no. Why

not? Because, says Kant, our conscience does not permit us to do so. Kant says that he feels a moral obligation. This moral obligation is not merely something subjective, but is forced upon him. He calls this moral obligation a "categorical imperative".

Starting with this 'categorical imperative' Kant deduces other conclusions. A moral obligation supposes liberty, since it would be futile to speak of moral obligation in beings that are determined. Man, therefore, is obliged, according to his free nature, to practice virtue and observe the law. That is what moral obligation means. From this Kant concludes that the end or purpose of man is an infinite progress in virtue. But an infinite progress in virtue supposes that the soul is immortal. Besides, there should be harmony or equality between the practice of virtue and the reward of virtue. But since this harmony is frequently wanting in this world, there must be, according to Kant, outside of this world, another being which is endowed with the faculties of intellect and will and sees to it that this harmony between virtue and its reward is brought about.

These three truths, viz., liberty, immortality of the soul, and the existence of God, are called by Kant the 'postulates of the practical reason'. Without these three truths there could not be morality; therefore they are practically necessary to lead a moral life. According to Kant we believe these truths since theoretically we cannot prove that they are necessarily connected with a moral life. Hence these truths are simply practical necessities and nothing more.

Now if we look at the doctrine of Kant as a whole what did he really teach? He distinguishes between truths that we really know and truths that we do not know in reality but merely admit for practical reasons. Such truths are, for instance, liberty or freedom, the immortality of the soul, and the existence of God. We must admit these truths as long as we have practical reasons for admitting them. If the reasons are no longer practical, then we are no

longer bound to admit the truths. Of course, according to the mind of Kant, these practical reasons would always exist as far as those truths mentioned above are concerned. But other philosophers, who followed in the footsteps of Kant, have discovered that the reasons for admitting the above mentioned truths were not always practical.

It must be observed that, in the system of Kant, these truths have no logical connection with one another, at least not in the sense that we are theoretically convinced. That God exists we must admit not because we know that God exists but because if God did not exist I might not get a reward for my virtue. Indeed not a very practical prospect to be deprived of a reward! The more modern philosopher would say: you must see to it yourself that you get a reward for your virtue. If you don't get it you are simply out of luck. Again Kant says if the soul is not immortal, then man could not obtain his end which, he says, consists in an infinite progress in virtue. The modern man says that

it is not necessary for the individual to be immortal. It is enough if the race, if humanity lives on and makes progress. Kant says if I am not free I could not have a moral obligation. The modern man answers to this and says that he does not feel any moral obligation.

Thus we see how loosely the most important truths hang together in Kant's system of philosophy. The followers of Kant concede Kant's principles but derive other conclusions. This is not strange, since Kant's principles are very flexible and can be twisted in any direction. Kantian principles are not founded on the rock-bottom of objective reality, but upon the fickle nature of man. In place of the moral obligation, which Kant felt within himself, the modern philosopher has his own view of life, an ambition which he thinks should be realized and towards which every truth must come in line. Hence the modern philosopher invents his own practical postulates. Of course he does not call them postulates, since that would sound too dogmatical.

All this has opened wide the door for Pragmatism. Pragmatism, which has as its view of life progress, action, accomplishments, makes its own practical postulates. It calls them truths. But they are truths only in so far as they are useful. The criterion, as to whether you have made use of the correct practical principle or truth, is success in your endeavors.

The Feast of the Purification

SR. M. AGNES FINLEY, O. P.

Nestle in her arms, Jesus,
Feel her mother love;
As she smooths Your hair, Jesus,
Joy of saints above.

As she pats Your cheek, Jesus,
Smiles into Your eyes,
Mirrored in their depths sees
Countless star-lit skies.

In her hand are Yours, Jesus,
Folded in her palm;
But the thought of nail prints
Fills her with alarm.

On Your snow white brow, Jesus,
Mary's lips impress
Mother-love endearments,
And a fond caress.

But she sees the sharp points
Of a twisted crown
And the bitter tears come
Gently falling down.

This sweet day of bliss will
Quickly pass away.
Mary sees and knows it,
Presentation Day.

FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE

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ing words: "Behold I am with you all days." When Mother Church has each priest to greet the Faithful six times daily in the Holy Mass alone with "Dominus vobiscum—the Lord be with you, why shouldn't this be an honest salutation? "The Lord be with you" is uttered no fewer than 1,800,000 times each day, and that in the solemn setting of the Holy Mass all over the world. Our life should begin more and more to yield to this Divine presence with its inspirational words and efficacious action.

Yours most cordially

Ignatius Essey, O.S.B.

Abbot.

If I Only Could

Thomas W. Ryan

MARY Beck stood squeezed and jammed among other girls and young men in the bob sleigh, her booted toes nearly mashed under trampling feet. Voices boomed into song, about as rhythmic as the constant blowing of the horses; harmonious as the ringing of the jingle bells; melodious as the squeaking of the sleigh runners over thawing snow. Heaps of fun. They headed for Smokers Coulee to slide.

Mary Beck did not sing, but gazed quite steadily at one tall and dark. Peter Dunn leaned against the sleigh box opposite, checkered shirt open at the throat, even teeth flashing, deep voice ringing. Peter never giving her a thought, and all the years she had secretly worshipped him.

When a boy he had often walked with her to or from the country school, telling his plans and dreams. She worshipped him then as now when he struggled to make those dreams come true. He had bought a farm in Stark County and was going there in a few days. It would be lonely there for Peter, coming in from chores to sit alone, no one to—

She heard fat Ava Hastings whisper to Betty Finn, "Look at Mary—the way she stares at Peter." Pretending not to hear, Mary turned her head slightly and gazed across the fields. But betraying blood mounted to her cheeks. Ava giggled. Mary felt suddenly small and alone. For the world she wouldn't have anyone know of her love for Peter Dunn.

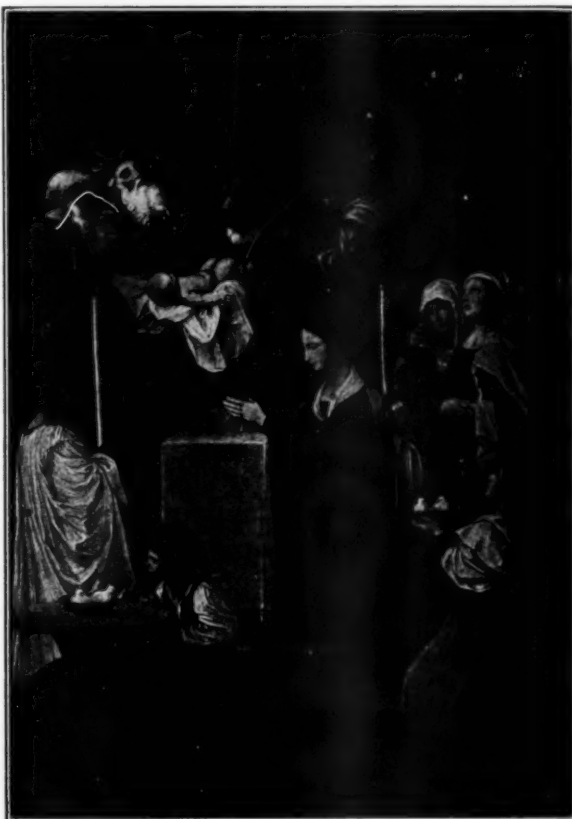
"Let's sing Dixie Land," chirped Adeline Smith.

They sang "Dixie," all but Mary. She didn't trust her voice. Red-headed Betty Finn had stumbled across feet and hand-sleds to Peter's side. Some people always did try to take what someone else wanted. And Betty had that desirable poise, that alluring smile. If she could only be like Betty! Mary tried to keep her gaze on the hills.

She tried to think. She couldn't stand by and let Peter slip off to his farm alone, or let Betty have him. But what could she do? In stories something happened—in life it was different. If it were a lake they were going to she could nearly drown. Peter was quick. He would save her. That would start him thinking. Maybe she would get hurt sliding; not likely, but she could be thrown from a sled and dash her head against a rock... She fancied Peter carrying her up the hill, glancing into her hazel eyes, seeing the—

"A penny for your thoughts," said Jimmy Hess.

"Yes," said Adeline, "what makes you so quiet, Mary?"



Startled, Mary could manage only a feeble smile. She colored. Had they read her mind?

On the brow of Smoker's Coulee; while the boys unhitched and tied the horses to the sleigh, Mary joined in the scramble for sleds. She had to do something to forget Peter. If she looked at him again they'd all tease. She got her hands on a sled, but Agatha Smith pulled on it. Mary's fingers gave and her feet slipped as Agatha swung her around. She sat down hard. Agatha laughed.

"Come on, we'll go down together," invited Agatha.

Mary got to her feet, sat on the sled, hoped something would happen. They shoved off.

Breathless and tingling, they rocked and bounded in a rush of wind. Through a brush patch loose snow shot up, blinding. Dodging rocks, they whizzed on and out across the bottom. The sled brought up against a snow-bedded stump and they were hurled headlong into a drift. Laughing, they wiped snow from their faces. Others, too, were piled about while some were already tugging sleds up the hill. Some boys ran down to help.

Mary stopped laughing, all the thrill suddenly dead. On the brow of the hill Peter and Betty stood talking. Well, Betty had a right to Peter if she wanted him—if he wanted her. Mary was climbing the hill, helping Agatha pull the sled. She didn't hear what Agatha was saying. Her breath came in short, jerky waves. Why couldn't she be like Betty? Why couldn't she go up to Peter and talk and laugh; let him know she cared? But she was timid. She was no match for Betty who wrapped men around her little finger.

"Did you get hurt, Mary? You're pale," said Agatha, at the top of the hill.

"I'm all right. A little breathless, that's all." She sat down in the snow. Gosh, she'd have to quit thinking! She watched Agatha and Jimmy Hess go down the hill, then out of the corner of her eye she saw Betty get on a sled with Peter. They were scarcely started down when Peter, swerving to avoid a collision, steered into a rock. Peter and Betty rolled in the snow, but Betty was up almost instantly. She straightened the sled and, before Peter reached her, was sailing down, her red hair streaming back like a tongue of fire.

Peter threw a snow ball after her, then turned and climbed the hill. Mary was puzzled. Why had Betty left him? Peter walked toward Mary. Her heart turned over. It would be some minutes before the others reached the hill top again.

Peter stood above her. He took off his corduroy cap and, as if to show a reason for removing it, scratched his head. "You look like a princess sitting there, Mary," he stated. "Don't you want—I mean, won't you slide with me next time?"

On the road past the Beck farm the bob sleigh waited for Peter. He took his time to say good-by to Mary.

Peter and Mary stood by the gate. Peter twisted his corduroy cap, crushing the visor in his big hands. "Betty told me how nice you are."

Certain things cleared up in Mary's mind. She said slowly: "As though you didn't know me—"

"I never realized huh-how much I loved you.... Do you think you could love me, Mary?"

"Peter—oh, if I could only thank Betty Finn; make it up to her!"

Theme Songs of the Mass

(Continued from page 292)

"Because just as the prophets of the Old Testament kept on repeating their cries for the appearance of the Messiah, so the priest repeats to manifest the earnestness of his desire for Christ to come down upon the altar.

"Let's take a look at what the priest does during the Introit. He says it, of course, at the Epistle side of the altar, making the sign of the cross as he begins the first words. Tertullian tells us the reason for that, when he says that the Christians of his day always made the sign of the cross whenever beginning any work. The priest is beginning anew the work of the Redemption; what more fitting than the sign of the cross? At a Requiem, or Black Mass as it is commonly called, the priest does not make the sign on himself but over the book. He does that to signify that the Mass is for souls suffering in Purgatory. He doesn't wish to bless the living

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Rural Rhapsody

Cicely Burke

FEBRUARY! Ah, but it's the bewitching month in the open spaces. I know a lot of people in the open spaces would take issue with that statement, contending that the month's only virtue is its curtailment of days; but they are the hibernaters. We don't believe in hibernating at our busy farm. All right for bears, but the wide-awake human being finds so much of interest—oh, sure, we have snow and we're just as eager to welcome spring as any hibernater, but while we wait we look after the livestock, the birds, and our winter garden. No foolin'! No flowers, but a wealth of berries, in colors that rival any rainbow ever exclaimed over.

We didn't get our idea from the garden page of a magazine. Editors (having never had a winter garden—maybe never heard about them) haven't taken up the subject, a few excepted. We started planting berry shrubs to feed our birds. Birds do love berries in February. Get tired of crumbs, and oatmeal, and the usual dishes found on the refectory platform. Berries serve them as our salads serve us.

We had placed a Cornelian Cherry beside the refectory, knowing birds are fearful and like to have a nearby tree, shrub—just as a good soldier always looks to his retreat (I heard a soldier propound that endlessly once). In no time the cherry was stripped, along with the adventuresome Firethorn at the end of the house that had been displaying at the north window and the east window baskets-full of orange berries. The Oregon Grape was also bare, and the holly hedge was being attacked.

Our first planting was helter skelter with no thought of color; but when we saw those colors flashing through the snow, we began to lift the bushel baskets off our artistic talents. That meant moving many shrubs—putting the

whole plot through a rousing game of Pussy-wants-a corner. Now we have a winter garden that would thrill the soul of Gloomy Gus. And still we search for berry shrubs. For our birds, yes, but there's nothing to keep the family from getting inspiration from the plot since several of our windows overlook this garden.

If you're going in for this glory, begin your planting as early as the ground can be worked; and see that the shrubs have plenty of moisture during the hot months—if you want berries next winter.

Groupings of Snowberry, with the black berries of the Sloe (both wild), Winter berries fraternize beautifully with black privet, snowberry, and the Chinese beauty bush that bears lovely lilac berries—oh, the woods is so full of a number of berry bushes, that an afternoon's hunting will lop off years and years.

And, don't forget the Bayberry, if you love bayberry candles. Given a candle mould, a goodly picking of bayberries, it isn't much of a chore to turn out enough candles for yourself, and friends. The wax is removed from the berries by soaking in boiling water, and skimming.

Four pounds of berries, our recipe says, yields one pound of wax.

Coral, orange, black, white, blue, red, lilac—no end to the colors to be found in a winter garden. To be sure snow may cover this beauty, but it's much easier to sweep away those snows than it is to hoe out the weeds of the summer garden.

Birds may strip your shrubs—then you will be planting more and more, for the birds are no insignificant note in the berry garden. From the wee colorless junco to old Yarrup, himself. Yarrup, the bold red-jowled flicker is greedy but we love him. Woe to the bug or worm that thinks to hide in our boards, or trees. Yarrup



goes after him with hammer and tongs and stays with the job till he has his morsel. One such morsel doesn't appease the greedy fellow, by far. After that little hors d'oeuvre, he'll have a dish of berries, fresh from the bush, then he'll stop at the refectory for a hunk of suet, apple, whatnot. He never harms the small birds, that's one reason we make him welcome.

Homely? Well, some think so, but we don't. Rather awkward, but beautifully dressed. He has red sideburns. A black crescent cravat tops a tan vest, flecked with richer, deeper tan; and when he darts off and you catch a glimpse of the orange lining of his wings against the white snow! There's nothing in our garden that surpasses him. Not even the jaunty Chinese pheasants with their immaculate white collars; not even the jackrabbits that stage moonlight dances around the shrubs; not EVEN the quail that saunter so nonchalantly by our low windows, sampling this berry and that, taking note without seeming to of the possibilities for shelter offered by the low slung Jap Quince, its arms lowered to touching point with heaps of snow. We often wonder how those "unthinking" creatures know there'll be a straw bed awaiting them, with good grain, and that Pussinboots will be shut in securely till they're up and away.

Old Pussinboots is a family pet, but we can't make him understand that quail is a luxury to be denied cats stuffed to the limit with triple-X cream, and other table delicacies; so, we make him prisoner cold nights.

In making your winter garden, give holly all the room you can and plant as many trees as your purse will allow. Some day you will be selling pounds and pounds of it come Christmas time. Buy from a dependable nursery, or you may get seedlings that never bear the glorious red berries. We got stung on our first one. Paid much more, too, than the nursery charges. It's a big tree now, blooms each year, but nary a berry. We could have it grafted, but we have plenty without, and so we let it grow.

Hibernating gardeners? Perish the thought!

From heaven to earth the good Jesus came, to teach us, to give us an example, to merit for us grace. With this triple cord of doctrine, example, and grace, He is trying to draw us *from earth to heaven.*

Theme Songs of the Mass

(Continued from page 300)

but the dead. At the words *Glory be to the Father, etc.*, the priest bows to the crucifix to show reverence and humble submission to the Blessed Trinity. The rubrics also prescribe that the Introit be said in a clear voice. This is evidently left over from the singing. The people should be allowed to hear the words because they are so important to a correct understanding of the whole Mass.

"Strictly speaking, the Introit is the beginning of the Mass. It is a preparation for the actual Sacrifice. It should prepare the minds of the faithful by filling them with holy thoughts, by inspiring good intentions, by drawing out good resolutions, and by disposing them for a fruitful participation in the Divine Mysteries.

"Expressive of every possible religious sentiment the soul can and should feel during the ecclesiastical year, the Introits provide a key to the whole Liturgical life of the Christian. An understanding of them is necessary for an actively intelligent participation in the celebration of the Mass. Note, for an instance, the abrupt transition from the sorrow of Lent to the joy of the Easter season. Or take the feast of some Saint and see how the Introit stresses some feature of the Saint's life or career. Sometimes, though, you will come across Introits which have apparently no connection with the time or the feast and perhaps not even with the rest of the Mass. In such cases it is necessary to resort to a mystical or accommodated interpretation of the text. If even that seems too far-fetched, we can always fall back on the meaning common to all Introits, which is expressed in the purpose of the prayer; namely, to arouse a spirit of prayer, etc., in both celebrant and people."

By this time the Cynic was on hands and knees looking for his hat behind the lounge under which I always swept the dirt. He finally extracted it and, as he dusted it off, I said, "I'll sing and you interpret the sentiment of the song in your strut down the street."

"If you sing," he retorted, "no jury will hold me responsible for what I might do."

There is nothing so great as the Holy Eucharist.
—Ven. Cure of Ars.

*Sume et Suscipe**(Continued from page 296)*

"Darling, the Father asks us to postpone our visit for a month, and to go only towards the end of January, as our little Agnes' religious vocation has been decided and she is to be clothed upon the Feast of her own Patron Saint. She particularly asks that we shall be present at the ceremony."

"Give me the letter, please," said Guy, huskily, and, taking the sheet of paper from her hand, he walked away to the window to read it.

His mother watched the tall figure tenderly, for she felt that her boy was suffering, yet dared not intrude upon his sorrow.

At last, to her relief, he turned round, and, coming towards her with the simple impulse of his childhood, knelt down, and laid his head upon her shoulder, before he whispered:

"Mother, I love her."

"My dear one, I guessed it ever since your visit to Thibar, and my heart has ached for you, because your dream was impossible. Poor little Yamina, our little Jessamine, is as sweet and pure as the flower whose name she bears; but the flower bloomed upon a dung-hill, by a miracle of God's Grace. What dangerous atavisms may there not be in the descendants of that race, so different to our own? And how could you give your Father's name to the grandchildren of some obscure Babyle peasant, whose unknown history may contain pages of crime and of shame. Besides, only at Thibar is she safe from the hatred and revenge of those whom her courage delivered up to the punishment which they so richly deserved. To see her married to another—to one of the Arab Christians of the settlement, for instance—would have been an unbearable trial for you; but my boy cannot grudge her to the Heavenly Bridegroom Who has chosen her for Himself. Believe me, my darling, it is a beautiful ending to the story and a wonderful solving of the problem. Later on, you will be able to see it for yourself; and Agnes must never know of your love."

"Mother, I think that she does know; and this is her answer."

The sun shone brightly upon the Bride of Christ on the morning of her Espousals, as

though Heaven wished to give already a foretaste of that Eternal Springtime of which the Church sings in the Office for the Feast of Saint Agnes.

When the young Saint's little namesake entered the chapel, Madame de Morlan and her son were almost dazzled by the beauty of the vision and the wondrous radiance of that fair face amidst all the snowy whiteness of the nuptial veils.

And when, a few hours later, Sister Agnes came to them in the Convent parlor this time with her sweet face framed in the novice's cap, they thought her yet more beautiful.

Joyously and tenderly she responded to their greetings, expressing the deepest gratitude to those who had been the instruments of her present happiness.

"Thanks to you," said the law, musical voice, "I can say with my holy patron Saint Agnes, that I am now bound to One by Whose Love my soul lives, One Whose beauty excels all the brightness of the sun and the stars. The heavens are ravished with His Glory, and say that they are as darkness to His Light. The sick are healed by His touch; the dead rise at His Voice. I love Him more than my soul and my life; and I would willingly die for Him.

"Guy, dearest of brothers and of friends, on this blessed day of my Espousals, I have asked my Beloved to reward you a hundredfold for what you have done for me; and above all to give you the love which shall be worthy of you, and crown your young life. The special grace which I have asked today is that my brother shall find that chosen companion with whom he will walk hand in hand upon the path to heaven and eternal happiness."

The great blue eyes shone with a supernatural light; watching the speaker, Madame de Morlan said to herself:

"Guy was right; she does know; and this is her answer."

Before leaving Thibar the next day, the mother and son returned to the chapel for a last visit.

A few white-robed nuns were praying there, and one slight figure was gliding from Station to Station of the Way of the Cross. The face
(Turn to page 315)

The Editor's Page

CARRYING ON AND



Not long ago witnessed a rather delightful movie, the title of which escapes us just now, in the course of which a typical old-school politician was presented in what may be considered a politician's favorite occupation—making a speech about himself. The hall was crowded; the audience was silent. Suddenly, however, in the very midst of the speech, this apparently receptive audience began to rise and, with no evident compunction, walk composedly from the hall. Quite taken aback, the poor speaker finally recaptured enough breath to hail the last departing member with a "What's the matter?" or something to that effect. "It has stopped raining outside," was the reply!

Now ordinarily a public speaker is able to sense the reaction of an audience sitting before him. We know, of course, that there are some who do not; else why should we so often be wearied by some speeches (and sermons) which we have to sit through? Suppose, though, that one would be holding forth to the best of his ability, only to find out suddenly that people were before him only to get out of the rain. It is hard to imagine a jolt more rude.

Actors, public speakers, radio performers must ever be painfully anxious as to the reactions of their audiences. Applause, open encouragement, written praise are all sweet music to their souls, not neces-

sarily because vanity is thereby fed, but mostly because assurance is thus given them that their efforts are successful—they are "clicking" with the public. Disagreement or dissatisfaction openly expressed, whether by letter, open contradiction, or, in its lowest form, the unequivocal raspberry, on the contrary, either cause them to quit or, if they be brave souls, to better their stuff. But there is nothing more devastating to public performers than the silence of outright apathy: to realize that people are not even listening. All pray to be saved from that sad fate.

Those who write for publication have an existence of similar apprehensiveness. They too want to go over with the reading public. Their apprehensions, however, do not weigh on them for long; they have always a definite and rather quick means of knowing. If the editor accepts their matter, most of their fears have come to an end.

But what of the editor? Ah, dear reader, here we come to the one deserving of real sympathy! Consider his responsibilities and what returns he receives from readers. First, it is his to accept or reject all matter offered him; and in doing so—especially rejecting—he must in course of time assume, if he be not already possessed thereof, evidences of a certain callousness of soul, especially when finances are low, for each time he returns a manuscript he is conscious of inflicting on that hopeful writer a disappointment,

MD RUDE JOLTINGS

a pain, at times a positive shock.

Then, as the month inexorably rolls around, he is confronted with the task of assembling the ingredients of that new dish which is to be the next issue. He has a definite purpose in mind: in the case of *The Grail* it is to present Catholic truth and Catholic living in such form that it will be enlightening, inspiring, as well as attractive to all who read. However, how is he to know the best way to present this matter? Obviously it is necessary to attract in order to enlighten and inspire. What, then, will attract the generality of readers? Can he alone decide? Usually not. Hence, like an actor on the stage, he must keep eye and ear open to his audience, awaiting in pitiful eagerness for a word of encouragement here, a nod of approval there, and, on the other hand, be ready to receive as graciously as possible the disagreement, blame, or condemnation his efforts may evoke.

At first he is surprised at the great variety of taste and opinion people can display. Some, whose judgment he respects, will approve a thing, while others, equally respected by him, will disapprove the very same thing. And they will do so unreservedly. Just lately we were told by a very talented person that *The Grail* is a wow! Now, in good American parlance, a wow is just about the ultimate of excellence. However, to keep us from actually bursting at this, we had it conveyed to us that a very learned person de-

clared himself as follows: "The Grail! Why, there's nothing to it!"

Of course, we prefer to sit in the majestic solitude of our sanctum and reflect that the wows have it. Yet we cannot entirely drive away the furtive suspicion that there may be many others who consider that "there's nothing to it."

How are we to know for certain? Well, there is one way to answer the question which would give us almost infallible assurance: namely, if we can have very tangible proof in the nature of renewed subscriptions. More positive still would be the knowledge and evidence that our readers are so enthusiastic for *The Grail* and for its apostolic cause that they are putting forth spontaneous efforts to widen the circle of its readers by getting us new subscriptions!

Of late years we have all been inspired to Catholic Action; our loyalty to the faith impels us to do something for it. Now, here you have an opportunity and a means. The Catholic press is a very integral part of Catholic Action. Hence, in helping to subsidize and strengthen this cause, which for years has been subsisting on a starvation diet, you can merit greatly in the work of the Church.

February is Catholic Press Month. Is it going to mean anything to you? It will if you give us a lift, great or small, according to your abilities and opportunities.

From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.



Tall men generally live longer than short men; thin men longer than fat; and married men longer than unmarried.

The most dangerous traffic hours are from five to seven p. m.

The deepest hole in the earth is 12,786 feet. The temperature at this depth is 182 degrees Fahrenheit.

The electric eel sometimes emits charges of 600 volts—enough to stun the largest of animals.

The black widow spider is said to be the most deadly living thing in America. It is not aggressive, but will bite if disturbed.

A flexible, transparent material affixed to wire mesh is now on the market as a substitute for glass. It will not conduct heat and will not break. It permits passage to the beneficial ultra-violet rays of the sun. It can be cut with shears and tacked in place.



The ordinary man buttons and unbuttons more than 3,500,000 buttons in a lifetime.

Water drunk immediately after the eating of candy or other dry sugars is thought to aid digestion.

The germ causing infantile paralysis is so small that it can neither be seen nor filtered. It enters the body through the nose and from there works its way to the brain and spinal cord, where it attacks the nerve centers. It attacks adults occasionally; but children between two and five are most susceptible.

A companion star of Sirius—the brightest of the fixed stars—is only three times the size of our earth; still its gravity is 35,000 times that of the earth. On it a 150 pound man would weigh 2,625 tons!

The poison of the black widow spider is good for relieving the pain of angina pectoris—so it is claimed.



The life span for which future generations can hope is placed at 105 years.

There are about two and a quarter million stones in the Great Pyramid.

A report of the Census Bureau shows that at least one out of every three married couples is childless.

There are more than 4,000,00 lepers in the world today.

Corncocks contain so many chemicals that they may soon become valuable.

Jasper National Park in Canada is the largest in the whole world. It has an area of more than 4,000 square miles.

There are about 12,000,000 people over ten years of age in the United States who cannot read or write.

The oldest living things in the world are the giant sequoia trees in California; some are more than 3,000 years old.

American tourists spend eight dollars in Europe to each dollar spent in the United States.

More than 50 million Americans went traveling during the past summer—the greatest number since 1929.

The annual milk consumption in cities and villages averages between 37 and 40 gallons per inhabitant.

The invisible rays of the sun are thought to be the most deadly germ-killers known.

Automobile accidents always reach their peak in the fall—September, October, November; or sometimes October, November, December.

Thirty-five is thought to be the age of man's greatest productivity in creative work.

A London theater uses glass for its picture screen. Certain third dimension properties are urged as the reason.

More than \$2,000,000 is spent each year in the United States for rat traps and rat poison.

Mississippi claims the first road in which cotton was used as a base for the asphalt.



Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

What is myrrh, one of the gifts which the Magi offered to the Infant Jesus? What is its symbolic meaning, that is, why did the Magi offer it in preference to other things?

Myrrh is a gum-resin exuded from various shrubs which grow in Arabia and the district around the Red Sea. In ancient times myrrh was used largely in embalming and is still used in medicine as a stimulant or tonic. Because of these uses, the Fathers of the Church saw in the myrrh presented by the Magi to the Infant Jesus a symbol of the suffering and mortality of Christ as Man, just as frankincense symbolizes His divinity, and gold His kingship. The Magi offered these three gifts as a token of their homage to the new-born King of the Jews because they were the most precious products of the countries from which they came.

Kindly let me know if Lavinia is a saint's name. If so, please give me some information relative to the name of Lavinia.

The name Lavinia is not listed in the several catalogs of saints' names, including the most recent and the most complete, which were consulted; nor is any similar name given from which it might possibly be derived. Hence, Lavinia is evidently not a saint's name, unless it can be shown that it is a foreign or popular variation (not mentioned in the catalogs) of some other name.

What are the symbols of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Why are these symbols used to represent the four evangelists?

The man, lion, ox, and eagle are respectively the symbols of the evangelists Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. These symbols are taken from the famous vision of the Prophet Ezekiel (Ezekiel 1:5), in which he beheld the four living creatures having the appearance of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle; according to many of the Fathers of the Church, these four creatures prefigured the four evangelists. Matthew is represented by the man because he begins with the genealogy of Christ as Man; Mark, by the lion, because he opens with the scene of John the Baptist in the desert, which is symbolized by the lion; Luke, by the ox, because he first describes the ministry of Zachary and the sacrifices of oxen under the Old Law; John, by the eagle, because he soars aloft like the eagle to the heights of Heaven and gives us a glimpse of the inner life of God, especially of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity Who became Man for us.

What special meaning is attached to the practice of making the sign of the cross on our forehead, lips, and breast at the Gospel of the Mass?

By this beautiful symbol we express our fidelity to Christ and His word contained in the Gospel; we make the sign of the cross on our foreheads that we may understand and believe the teachings of the Gospel; on our lips that we may boldly profess our faith in the words of Christ; on our breast that we may love these teachings in our hearts.

If two Catholics get married, do they have to have a nuptial Mass, in case they want to make it short and have only a private ceremony?

It is not an obligation, but a privilege for Catholics to be married at Mass. It is the Catholic ideal and the grave concern of the Church that Catholics be married at the altar, which symbolizes Christ, and receive the

nuptial blessing and the Holy Eucharist, the source of all graces needed in the married state, during the Mass which follows immediately after the marriage ceremony. For good reasons Catholics may be married outside of Mass and receive the nuptial blessing, which ordinarily is given only during Mass, at some later date. But "just to make it short" is not a good reason; if newlyweds haven't enough patience to spend a half-hour or hour at Mass, where will they get the patience to bear with one another for a life time? Or if they have so little appreciation for the Mass, Holy Communion, and the nuptial blessing, how can they expect to receive those spiritual helps which are necessary in the married state?

What part of Christ's life is known as the "hidden life"? Why is it thus called?

The period between the twelfth and the thirtieth years of Christ's life is known as the "hidden life," because these years were spent in the obscurity of the little village of Nazareth. The Gospels do not record a single occurrence which took place during this period; St. Luke alone refers to it and only in a general way: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men." (Luke 2:52)

Did St. Matthew write his Gospel as he went along with Christ, or after Christ ascended into Heaven? In what language did he write the Gospel?

St. Matthew wrote the Gospel which bears his name sometime after the Ascension of Christ, but before the year 70 A. D.; the exact date is not known, although it can be placed with the greatest probability between the years 44 and 50 A. D. According to the commonly accepted opinion, St. Matthew first wrote the Gospel in Hebrew or Aramaic, the language of Palestine at the time, which was later rendered into Greek by St. Matthew himself or some other Christian writer. Our present versions of the Gospel according to St. Matthew are all derived from the Greek text, for there are no longer any copies of the original Hebrew in existence.

Who was the oldest and who was the youngest Apostle? Did all the Apostles suffer martyrdom? Which Apostle was the last to die?

St. Andrew is believed to have been the oldest and St. John the youngest of the twelve Apostles. All the Apostles met death by martyrdom except St. John; even he is entitled to the martyr's crown, for it was only by a miracle that he escaped being scalded to death in a caldron of boiling oil at Rome. St. John, the last of the Apostles to leave this earth, died in Asia Minor during the reign of Emperor Trajan, about the end of the first century.

When a bishop is consecrated, does he study for that office, or does he first study to be a priest and then become a bishop later on?

No Catholic seminary or university conducts any courses of study which aim at preparing candidates for bishoprics. With few exceptions, Catholic bishops are chosen directly by the Pope from the number of priests who have been recommended for their learning, zeal, and virtue. Only a priest can be made a bishop, that is, every bishop must have been ordained a priest before he can be consecrated as bishop; the episcopal consecration confers the fullness of the priestly power, especially the power of confirming and ordaining other priests, which necessarily presupposes the ordinary priestly powers before the episcopal consecration takes place.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

—At present writing we are in midwinter, yet the weather is mild. This winter Mother Nature sent us a white Christmas. The mercury tumbled down to the neighborhood of zero and then slowly ascended the scale again. On Christmas morning for the space of an hour we seemed to be in the throes of a real western blizzard.

—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception Father Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass and Pontifical Vespers.

—The Very Rev. Ildephonse Brandstetter, O. S. B., and Dom Oswald Baker, O. S. B., of Kaifeng, China, who spent a few days with us recently, are in the United States seeking funds with which to build a priory at Kaifeng, where the outlook for a Benedictine foundation seems favorable. They hope eventually to form a native community. At Kaifeng they will conduct the diocesan seminary. Dom Francis Clougherty, O. S. B., a third priest of the group, is dean of English in the boys' school at Kaifeng.

—On his way to Aurora, Illinois, for the commissioning of student officers at Marmion, Father Abbot stopped off at Notre Dame University on December 9th to be present at the convocation that honored the new Philippine commonwealth and conferred an LL. D. on the President of the United States.

—The seminarians presented to a full house on December 15th the "Mysteries of the Mass," a medieval mystery play by Calderon de la Barca. The play was an inspiration to all present. It is to be given again on January 19th and 26th.

—Fathers Abbot and Eugene Spiess drove down to Nashville on December 19th to attend the funeral of Bishop Alphonse Smith, who was an alumnus of our former high school at Jasper. Father Eugene had been one of the teachers of the deceased.

—As announced in the December issue of THE GRAIL the students left five days before Christmas for their holiday vacation. Only four, two in each department, remained with us. Epiphany marked the return of the student body.

—Since the beginning of Advent the seminarians of the Major Seminary, under the direction of Father Cyril, have been getting out for each Sunday a liturgical bulletin with meditation on the Sunday liturgy. This year the seminarians sing Compline according to the Roman breviary each Sunday evening and on Sunday mornings they have a *Missa recitata*, or "recited Mass." The students of the Minor Seminary, who for several years have also manifested great interest in the sacred liturgy, have formed a number of study clubs. They are continuing this year the *Missa recitata* in their chapel on Sunday mornings and during the second semester will again take up the singing of Compline Sunday evenings.

—Many of our readers will have heard of Santa Claus, Indiana, without being aware that the now nationally known post office is in a small hamlet just nine miles southwest of the Abbey on highway 162 and

four miles east of the burial place of Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln. A large statue in stone was erected to Santa Claus on a hill within view of passersby on road 162. The statue stands on a plot of ground that has been set aside as a park which is to be the playground of the children of the nation. Father Abbot was invited to deliver the invocation at the ceremony of unveiling on December 22nd. This ceremony, which took place shortly after 12:30 p. m., was broadcast over the Columbia network in a nationwide hookup. Big business, which sees here an opportunity to promote its interests by commercializing a name that little folk holds dear, will establish factories here for the making of toys, novelties, candies, etc. It is said, moreover, that a home will also be built at Santa Claus for unfortunate children. In contemplating this future city it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see somewhere along Santa Claus Avenue St. Nicholas Church pointing its spires skywards. While the future has not yet unbosomed her secrets, coming events will tell.

—The majority of the priests of the community were pressed into service for Christmas beyond the walls of the Abbey. Our own celebration of the holy feast was solemn and impressive. In order to be physically in trim for the strenuous exercises ahead, the monks, by way of exception, betook themselves to their couches at 7 p. m. on Christmas Eve. Three hours and forty minutes later, when they were deep in slumber, angelic voices floated down through the hallways in the beautiful strains of the "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." This was the signal for the sleepers to arise and hasten to choir for Matins, which began promptly at 11 o'clock. At the conclusion of this hour of the Divine Office shortly after midnight, the first Pontifical High Mass of Christmas was celebrated. At this Mass all except the priests received Holy Communion. By 1:15 the Mass was over and Father Abbot together with the sacred ministers all went to the throne in the sanctuary to intone the "Deus in adjutorium" for Pontifical Lauds, the counterpart of Vespers, though somewhat longer. By 2:30 all had resumed their interrupted slumbers. At 5:40 it was time to rise again. At 6 o'clock the hour of Prime was chanted in choir, then came the "Aurora Mass," a solemn High Mass celebrated by Father Prior Benedict. The late Mass, another Pontifical High Mass, took place at 9:15. Father Stephen Thuis, rector of the Minor Seminary, preached at this Mass. In the afternoon at 3:30 we had Pontifical Vespers. Then in the evening after supper the monastic family gathered to spend a pleasant hour in the assembly hall of the Minor Seminary. There they were hospitably received by Santa Claus, who gave to each some little token in memory of the occasion. Thereafter the clerics of the Abbey entertained with instrumental music and with shadow pictures in two parts: of which the former

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An Angel of Eight Years

Patrick Shaughnessy, O. S. B.

On the 8th of August, 1920, in the beautiful city of Santander, in the north of Spain, Anthony Martinez della Pedraja was born. On the 18th of the same month he was made a member of the Catholic Church through the holy Sacrament of Baptism.

From his earliest years he gave signs of extraordinary intellectual powers, so that it was necessary to forbid him to study as he wished, because his bodily strength did not increase as quickly as that of his mind. Before he had reached the age of three years a doctor said of him, "It is truly a remarkable thing, his intelligence is indeed superior to his age." At the age of four years he was confirmed by the archbishop of Monterrey.

When he was a baby he asked questions about everything. One day he asked his mother, "Mamma, who has made these flowers?" When he had heard from his mother that God was the creator of everything, he acquired a special predilection towards God who is our Father.

His mother knew well the stories of the Bible, which she often told to her little one, and he was so delighted with such stories that he would hear no others. "Mamma, the fables are lies; tell me rather of the child Jesus."

One day he asked his mother, "Why, mamma, did 'Papa' (God, our Father) die?" Then his mother told him all about the story of the Passion of Our Lord, which caused the little one to weep bitterly. After his mother had finished, he said, "But now Jesus does not suffer anymore?"

"Yes, my boy, He suffers very much if men do not love Him and when they offend Him."

The child then wanted to know how men offended Him, and his mother said to him "By mortal sin."

"What is that, mamma?" asked the child.

"Never mind about that," his mother told him. "You will know when you are big. Now you must pray to the Madonna every day in this manner: Madonna of the Pillar, let me die rather than sin." And little Antonio, although he was so young, prayed as one who had been converted from a life of sin. If he did something wrong, he told all to his mother, showing the great trust which he had in her. He took care not to give the least trouble to his parents.

One of the things which his mother strongly impressed upon him was to have a great devotion for the Madonna. Before he was yet three years old he felt great pleasure in hearing his mother speak of "his mother in heaven," as he called her. After making his first Holy Communion, at the age of seven, he was unwilling to go to bed without having said the rosary. Every day he went with his father to visit an image of the sorrowful mother, repeating many times "I have no fear of being lost; I will be saved because I have a great devotion to the Madonna."

During his last sickness he called, "Mother, Mother," and she replied, "What do you wish, my son?"

"I did not call you," he gave answer; "I was speaking to my heavenly mother."

Before being able to read, Antonio wished to know the catechism. His mother, therefore, bought him one which contained pictures. He made such progress that, when he was five years old, he not only knew his catechism by heart but could also explain it as well as any older person. Thus he asked his mother, "Mother, why can I not receive Holy Communion since I know my catechism so well?"

His mother answered that he must wait until he was seven years old. Then he asked permission to go to confession at least. His mother allowed him to do this, and afterwards he confessed every Saturday.

Once he attended Holy Mass with his aunt, who said to him at the moment of consecration, "Anthony, be still. Our Lord comes into the host," to which he answered, "Oh, yes, I see Him already."

His parents wanted to fix the day of Anthony's first Holy Communion for August 15. Hearing this, he said, "But why wait until the 15th, since I will be seven years old on the 8th." Nothing could change him from his determination to have the Communion day a week earlier.

As the great day approached, Anthony prayed more and more to the Madonna for her to prepare him for the reception of her Holy Son. On the eve itself, our little hero spent a sleepless night in a final preparation for the great gift he was to receive.

Having once tasted the joys of the close communion with Jesus, it was his greatest pleasure to receive Jesus every day. Sometimes his mother, fearing for his health, did not like to permit him to get up so early in order to receive Holy Communion; she told him that that it was not necessary that he go every day.

"I know, Mamma," he would tell her, "that there is no obligation, but do you not see that as I am always getting older it is possible that you may die and I may find myself among bad companions and may fall into mortal sin if I do not strengthen myself by receiving Holy Communion?"

Besides Holy Communion, it was his great pleasure to visit the Blessed Sacrament. After his death it was learned that he would nearly always make such a visit when he went out into the street.

From what has been said until now it appears that Anthony was good "by nature," as it is said. However, that is not entirely true. He had often a difficult time to conquer his passions, especially the desire for revenge.

Several times little Anthony said to his parents, "We must imitate the Holy Family. You, papa, must imitate Saint Joseph, you, mamma, the Madonna, and I the child Jesus. I will be obedient to you, mamma."

He was accustomed to say after Holy Communion, "Jesus meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine."

Little Anthony had to deny himself many pleasures, which he did willingly. When he was seven years old his stomach troubled him so that he was told by the doctor that he must not eat any more sweet things. After this he never asked for any more of such delicacies and refused all that were offered him. It was a great sacrifice for him, but he said, "I will ask it from Jesus and He will give me strength to do it."

According to his own words little Anthony did not wish to give anything to the poor because he liked to keep all his money, but later on he was able to say, "But now I will give all to them." He would ask for money to give to the poor in the street, especially to the blind. One time, as he went out with some money in his hand, his father asked him, "Are you going to buy something, my boy?"

"No," he replied, "it is for the poor." And indeed from that day he helped all whom he met on the street and he would say, giving an alms, "I give it for the love of God." If the poor person whom he helped did not answer "God be praised", the boy would return home sad.

When Anthony was three years old, the father of one of the servants died. Little Anthony could scarcely speak, but he said, "Don't be sad; look, you have another Father, who loves you very much." Not long after this, the mother of the same servant died, and Anthony again comforted the servant by speaking of the Holy Madonna.

All of this kindness on the part of Anthony did not seem to be only a natural goodness. Once he said to his mother, "Mamma, those who do not give any alms ought to be very rich."

"Yes," answered his mother, "but they do not enjoy their riches; because money which is not used to do good, does not profit one at all."

"It is true that they do not enjoy it," said Anthony, "but that is not all; it is worse that they lose heaven. When I am big I will spend very little. I will not go to the theaters so that I can give much to the poor; I prefer to be rich in the after world."

He also had a very tender feeling toward the orphans and the sick. He often said to his mother, "The poor children who have no mother cannot receive the embraces which a mother alone can give."

When his mother or any one of the house was sick, Anthony would want to sit near to the sick one. One time his mother was sick and Anthony wished to stay home from his customary walk in order to remain with her. This, however, his mother would not permit. Before leaving, then, Anthony called his father and said, "Papa, I wish to ask a favor and it is that you do not let mamma alone, but stay with her until I return."

On another occasion it was necessary to put handkerchiefs, moist with very hot water, on the throat of his mother.

"This water is very hot," he said; "try it first on my throat to be sure that it will not do her any harm."

Anthony had great sympathy likewise for the souls in purgatory. It is told that he saved his money in order to have Holy Mass offered for them.

To say in a few words all that we have already told concerning the life of little Anthony, we may assert that his only desire was to be holy and that the only thing he hated was sin and every shadow of sin.

His mother once told him that he could get the best notes in the college if he would study hard, but he answered, "Mamma my only interest is to be holy."

When any one would thank him for something he would answer, "Pray for me, that I may never fall into mortal sin."

Some stories of the persecution in Mexico were told to him. Having heard them, he said, "When I am a little bigger I will go to Mexico because I want to be a martyr."

But such was not to be the death of Anthony. On the feast of St. Blaise he began to grow sick. He had gone to the church on that day, but was too late for the blessing of his throat. He therefore touched his handkerchief on the image of this saint and put it to his throat. That evening he went to bed a very sick boy.

During the night his grandmother heard him saying, "I am dying." He did not know that his grandmother was present, for he did not wish to alarm his parents. He seemed to know that he was very ill, but he expressed his thoughts only to the sister who was caring for him and to one of the maids to whom he said on several occasions, "I am dying, but it does not matter, because I shall go to Heaven." And again he said, "I am going to be with Jesus."

About two days before his death Anthony said to his mother, "Mamma, if I love God very much He will give me many things." His mother, thinking he was speaking of earthly pleasures such as boys like, replied, "I do not think so, darling; God generally gives His friends much suffering and great tribulation. We must remember that the Son of God suffered more than any one else."

Anthony did not answer, for he was really speaking only of the gifts which God bestows in Heaven. The evening before his death he asked his mother to buy a picture of the Holy Family and to place it where he could see it. "Mamma," he said, "buy me one. It only costs 95 centimes. I want to have Jesus, Mary, and Joseph beside me."

Our little hero wished to comfort his mother in view of the fact that he felt assured he would die. "Mamma, if I die, shall you cry very much?"

"Don't speak of such a thing, darling."

But Anthony quickly added, "No, do not cry, because I am going to Heaven. What I am suffering now will supply for my Purgatory; God has given it to me, and God has taken it from me. Blessed be His Holy Name."

Hearing this, his mother said, "What are you saying, Anthony? What has God given you and taken from you?"

"My health, mamma." And he added, "I am very, very happy, because I am suffering very much."

Anthony told his confessor one day how much he suffered when taking food, and the confessor told him to offer all his sufferings for the Pope, who was celebrating the golden Jubilee of his priestly ordination that year. A few days later the boy said to his mother, "Mamma, I am sending so much to the Pope; you cannot think how much I am sending."

The hour of Anthony's departure from this world drew near. On February 22 it was decided to administer the Last Sacraments to him. His confessor came to hear his confession and promised to bring him the Holy Viaticum the following morning.

From an early hour that morning he looked for the priest. He was very happy to be able to receive Holy Communion, and said to his mother, "You will receive Holy Communion too, mamma darling."

The priest soon came and Anthony received His Saviour for the last time. Immediately afterwards a marked change for the worse was noticed in his condition. Our little hero could only repeat, "I am dying; I am dying." He said 'goodbye' to his grandmother and father, and calling for his mother he passed away in her embrace on February 23, 1929.

It was Saturday, at the very time when a Mass was being celebrated for him. His little body, clothed in white, lay silent upon the death bed. Upon his breast lay the crucifix which he had worn on the most beautiful day of his brief life—the day of his first Communion. His face wore a sweet smile as if he were rejoicing in the embrace of Jesus Himself.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

(Continued from page 308)

showed and "broadcast" Santa Claus in the dentist's chair, where he had an enormous tooth with long roots and an interminable nerve extracted; while the latter part showed and "broadcast" Christmas with the monks at St. Meinrad. These numbers were well done.

—Another pleasant surprise was in store for us the following evening when our clerics put on a splendid biblical play presenting Joseph of Egypt and his brethren. This play was written some years ago by Father Henry Brenner. The principal characters, Joseph, and his father, Jacob, were effectively portrayed by Fr. Gerard Ellsperman and Fr. Clement Score, respectively. Other clerics took the part of Joseph's brothers.

—Father Lambert Enslinger, assistant at St. Benedict's Church, Evansville, was with us the greater part of the holiday vacation. Other members of the community, who came to spend a few days at the Abbey were Fathers Maurus Ohligslager, Hubert Umberg, Columban Reed, and Brother Henry, all of Marmion. Military discipline, which was introduced at Marmion this year, seems to be proving satisfactory. Father Celestine Sander, Chaplain of the Convent at Ferdinand, was also at home a short time.

—Our Christmas snow began to melt away on New Year's Day. Then came rain which washed it down into the valley. We can now begin the new year with a clean slate.

—Between Christmas and New Year there was sufficient ice on Lake Placid for skating, but the snow had first to be cleaned away before the ice was available.

—January is the month of the midyear examinations, while February brings us the annual retreats. The Fathers, Fraters, and some of the Brothers will have their spiritual exercises from Sunday evening, February 2nd until the following Friday afternoon. The Very Rev. Albert Hammenstede, Prior of Maria Laach Abbey, will give this retreat, as well as the one that follows for the Brothers only. The seminarians will go into retreat one day later than the community. Father Gerald Ellard, S. J., will give the exercises in the Major Seminary, while Father Lionel E. Pire, C. PP. S., will perform a like office in the Minor Seminary. Father Henry Brenner will have charge of the spiritual exercises for the Junior Brothers.

—Shortly before Christmas Father Simon Barber returned from Louisville, where he had served as chaplain at Sacred Heart Convent and Academy, the mother house of the Ursulines, for the past fourteen years.

How Paper is Made

Paper, although a common, everyday article with us, is so necessary to our existence, that were it suddenly wiped out of existence, commerce would be helpless, business would stop, and society simply could not get along without it. The word "paper" is a derivative from the Latin "papyrus", a fibrous reed found along the Nile, and in southern Italy. The ancient Egyptians cut and beat the soft, pithy fibres into flat, thin strips, pasting them together in two flat cross layers. The layers were then compressed and thoroughly dried. This "paper" was the only kind known and used for centuries.

In about 300 B. C. in China and Japan, the pith of rice stalks furnished the material for making paper by a process similar to that of the Egyptians. Paper made from rags was first made in Spain by the Moors in 1154 A. D. A long time after papyrus was used as paper, rags were the chief raw material; later, rags were replaced almost entirely by wood. The humble wasp was the first discoverer of the use of wood fibre in paper, as he makes his nest that way; it is composed of a light substance closely resembling gray paper. It consists of woody fibrous matter which the wasps have chewed from decayed wood. This nest gave man the idea of using wood in paper making. The hornet builds a large oval grayish paper nest in the same way, often containing fifteen thousand cells in which eggs are deposited.

Today, paper is made of a lot of queer things: papyrus, grass, straw, manila, bamboo, jute, corn stalks, rags, cotton, linen, wood, and other fibrous plants. Millions of trees and vast fields of grass come to their end in the paper mills, grinding out daily tons and tons of the finished article. Lumber camps are established in great, dense forests of tall, straight trees. One by one they are cut down into logs, piled up on the banks of the river, and then conveyed to the paper mills.

The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

What the World Needs

The Epistle for the second Sunday of February, or the Fifth after Epiphany, reads: "Put ye on, therefore, as the elect of God,—bowels of compassion, kindness, humility, modesty, patience; bearing with one another, and forgiving one another; if any man hath a complaint against anyone, as even the Lord hath forgiven you, so ye also—above all, put on charity." Every Epistle carries a beautiful lesson; how many of us carefully read them, and try to digest their meaning? If we did, none of the things which are happening to-day, would be going on—that is, the wrong things.

Two men met on the street; one of them was loudly bewailing the state of the world in general, and advocating all kinds of reforms. The other looked at him and said: "Yes, brother, I think the world does need reforming; a very good idea. What do you say we begin right now? You go home, and I will do the same, and we will both begin reforming our own lives. That will be a good start, won't it?" Indeed yes; most of us think reform is for "the other fellow"; not by any manner of means could we need any reforming. If everyone did as little wrong as we did, the world would be a good place to live in.

But if we turn the strong searchlight of truth into our hearts, and look fearlessly into its hidden corners, most of us will be able to drag out little vermin of wrongs which we have permitted to lodge there unmolested. Have we always had "bowels of compassion" for the unfortunate, the sick, the downtrodden, the despised? Have we always been kind, humble, modest, patient? Have we borne with one another's faults and readily forgiven them, or have we jealously nursed fancied wrongs, and remembered insults with a sort of unhealthy pleasure, so that we might sneer at or slight the offender? Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Let us cultivate charity!

The Art of Basket Making

Basketry is one of the earliest forms of handicraft and even antedates that of pottery. The Israelites made baskets, and some examples, six hundred years old, have been found in the excavations in middle Egypt. There is not a weave, no matter how intricate, that has not been handed down to us by our savage ancestors. In the New World, the first settlers found the Indians making baskets, and as the materials were everywhere about them, they soon began making them too, rather than await the slow ships which irregularly brought much-needed articles from Europe.

Many a New England farmhouse which has passed the century mark or more, contains fine examples of baskets of all kinds, stored in the attic. While all other antiques have been most thoroughly exploited, collecting old-time baskets is a field little explored; collectors seem to have overlooked the rich significance of the

homely craft of basket-making, as practised by our forefathers. There were knitting-baskets, cheese-baskets, baskets for sifting grain, for pressing cider, for carrying luggage, small dainty ones to hold milady's lace cap, etc. Of these latter, it is told that ladies in those days carried their lace caps along when they went visiting; after taking off their hats, they opened their dainty baskets and put on a lace cap. These baskets were lined with delicate silk, and were the product of the lady herself.

Ladies used to carry around little bundles of straw, just as others used to carry their crocheting or knitting, and make baskets of various kinds while visiting. From basket-making grew the work of bonnet and hat making. In 1798, a twelve-year-old girl saw a straw bonnet in the window of a Providence shop; it was imported. She determined to have one like it, and set to work to braid one. She was the first to make straw bonnets in America, and continued to make them on orders until well after her seventy-eighth year.

Cleaning Auto Upholstery

Of course, the best and most fool-proof method of preserving the upholstery of any car, whether cheap or expensive, is, seat covers. When these are soiled, they may be either sent to the cleaners, or placed in the washing machine to dash around for fifteen or twenty minutes, according to the degree of soil on them, then rinsed, hung up to dry, and ironed to their pristine state of newness.

But if there are no seat covers, it behooves the careful car owner to exercise watchfulness over stains and accumulated dust, or suffer the penalty of ruining fine clothing worn in it, and devaluating the car itself, for in turning a car in for exchange, the appraisers always take into consideration the condition of the upholstery.

There should be a thorough brushing at least once a month with a stiff whisk broom—twice a month if the car is used every day to work in all weathers. Of course, the small hand vacuum cleaners are superior to a whisk broom or brush, if one can be had, as their action is very thorough. If a whisk broom is used, the car should be out in the open with all windows and doors open, not in a garage, as the flying dust will settle back on the cushions again.

After brushing cushions and doors, sweep out the floor and wash it if covered with rubber matting. Then go after the stains; paint stains should be removed as quickly as discovered, with turpentine or paint remover—if still fresh. If old and dried, mix 1 part denatured alcohol, 1 part benzine, 1 part acetone, 1 part amyl acetate. Wet a cloth with this solution and let soak a few minutes; scrape with a dull knife and rub with a circular motion. Repeat until stain disappears.

For candy stains, rub with cloth soaked with very hot water, working in a circular motion from the out-

side of the spot to the center. More stubborn stains may be rubbed with hot soap suds; cigarette burns should be carefully darned with cotton the same shade as the material.

The Evolution of Heating Apparatus

When man first learned how to create fire by laboriously rubbing two sticks together, he used jealously to guard the element by having an old woman of the family remain at home while the rest were out foraging for food. Her task was to constantly feed the fire with twigs and dried grass, so that it might be ready to cook the food when it was brought home; for in those days it took too long to start a fire, to allow it to go out easily. When man had advanced enough to build a house for himself, instead of living in a cave, there arose the problem of how to heat that house without burning it down. At first a hole was left in the roof, and the fire built directly beneath it on the earthen floor. Even the Egyptians, with their marble palaces, knew no better way than this; an elaborate circular well was sunk in the marble floor, perhaps a foot deep, enriched along its margin with beautiful colored tiles. In this well, dried vegetable matter was burned on chilly evenings, and the family gathered around this fire to keep warm. To disperse the fumes of the burning matter, rich people burned costly gums, spices and odorous woods.

Every Greek city had a "prytaneum", or public building where a fire was perpetually kept burning. Whenever a new colony was established in some distant part, fire was taken from this mother hearth, and carried to the new province. The Greeks and Romans used braziers in their homes in chilly weather, and this marked the first removal from the hearth in the center of the floor.

Later, the luxury-loving Romans thought up the idea of having a chamber beneath the living rooms of the house, in which a fire was kept constantly burning; from this room, pipes of baked clay led to every room in the house, where decorative openings admitted the heat. This was really the beginning of the central heating plant idea, from which our own furnaces developed.

Eat Plenty of Nuts

Statistics show that last Fall, the pecan crop broke all previous records in the U. S.; The walnut crop was away above the average, and the total production of walnuts, peanuts, pecans, almonds and filberts was 45% more than usual. Besides our own nut crop, there is the added variety of nuts from abroad—chestnuts, Brazil nuts, cashew, pistachio and cocoanuts. Nuts that formerly were rare luxuries, have now come to be regular market commodities, and the fact that they contain rich protein, should make them regular articles of diet. Besides eating them plain, nothing is so healthful as to use them in delicious nut breads, stuffings in vegetables, in salads, cakes, and confections of all kinds.

Pecans are native American nuts, and grow mostly in the South Central States, westward to Texas and Oklahoma. English walnuts are not really English at all, but originated in Persia; they were extensively

cultivated in Europe, and before our own plantings in California began to bear, we imported quantities of them by way of England, hence their name. Black walnuts and hickory nuts are both natives of America, and many of us remember going nutting for them as children, and then cracking them open by the fire of a winter's evening, and picking out the rich kernels, to be incorporated into a rich cake next day.

Hazel nuts are American grown too, but filberts, which are larger, come from Europe. Chestnuts, unlike most other nuts, are not oily, but contain mostly carbohydrates. Nuts are said to contain enough protein to be a good substitute for meat, although to get the same percentage of protein one would have to consume a great many, and this, of course, is hardly feasible. They should not be used as a substitute, but as a supplementary protein food. Almonds, hazel nuts, walnuts and hickory nuts are good sources of iron, while nuts in general are rich in phosphorous, and are fair sources of calcium.

Household Hints

If the felt hat is beginning to look shabby, rub it all over with fine sandpaper; it will take off some of the fuzz, but will give it a new lease of life.

If black felt hats are brushed each time after using, and carefully put away in a hat box, they will never acquire a dusty, shiny look, but will remain like new.

If the cork stopper of the thermos bottle has become grooved and loose-fitting, soak it in a cup of hot water for half an hour.

Woodwork can be quickly cleaned with a soft cloth and linseed oil; polish with a soft, dry cloth.

If lint stubbornly adheres to woolen clothing, wet a rubber sponge and squeeze out tightly, then brush cloth with this. It will remove lint, dog-hair, fuzz, etc.

If buttons are sewed on shirts while ironing them, they won't have to be kept out for mending day.

If the rug begins to fray on the edge, get some heavy gray linen thread and whip the whole edge with it. The fraying will stop. When cutting small mats from old rugs, whip all around with this thread.

Recipes

MEAT BALL SOUP: Boil soup meat, skim, and add parsley, celery, onion, tomatoes, and a pinch of whole ginger. Boil for 1½ hours, and then add meat balls made as follows: One pound hamburger, mixed with ½ slice soaked and squeezed bread, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, chopped onion, parsley and celery, and half a teaspoon of nutmeg. Mix thoroughly and form into small balls. Drop into soup and boil a half hour longer.

GRAPEFRUIT PIE: Line a pie pan with paste and dry in oven five minutes; remove and add the following custard: Mix together in a bowl, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, juice of one grapefruit, 2 teaspoons of rind, grated, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 egg yolks. Cook in double boiler until thick, then pour into pie shell and bake quickly, fifteen minutes, or until crust is browned. Add meringue of beaten egg-whites and brown under broiler flame.

Children's Corner

Jeanne Marie

Jeanne Marie Foster sat before the large fireplace in the living-room of their beautiful mansion, playing with her dog, Spottie. Although Jeanne had been blind since she was three, she was quite aware of a little doggie's tricks.

"Listen, here Spottie, you're not a bit nice! Do you know it isn't mannerly to pull on girls' dresses? Come here, I see that I must teach you a few lessons on etiquette. Spottie quit licking my face!! You are very ungentleman like. And now I hear you laughing at me!"

Mrs. Foster stood at the large glass folding doors watching this scene. A veil of sadness seemed to creep over the mother's face as she watched her golden haired little girl playing in the shadows of the dancing firelight. She could hardly bear the thought of leaving Jeanne even in the care of the faithful old nurse while she and her husband were abroad. Still, hadn't she and John made the final decision just last evening that it would be better for Jeanne to remain in New York so that she could continue with the treatments? Yet there was a vague doubt in her mind as to Jeanne's cure, although they had procured the best eye specialists in the country. But she must not give up hope; it would be fair neither to God nor to her, Jeanne. Perhaps it was God's will that through this sacrifice her husband would be converted to the Faith. This thought gave her new courage as she crossed the living room.

Just then footsteps were heard on the portico and Jeanne knew without doubt it was no other than "Daddy." Spottie jumped from her lap and barking ran to the door. Jeanne hurriedly feeling her way to the entrance hall was just in time to hide in back of the door as Mr. Foster entered.

"Booh!" exclaimed Jeanne playfully as she grabbed him.

"Booh yourself, ole girl," cheerfully returned Mr. Foster, and picking her up into his arms he affectionately embraced her. Then he added, "How are you Jeanne?"

"I'm just as happy as an Irishman on St.

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

Patrick's Day," Jeanne replied as her father laughingly placed her on the floor.

Hanging his coat and hat in the hall, Mr. Foster took his little girl by the hand and gently led her into the living room.

After tenderly greeting his wife, Mr. Foster asked, "Well, Madge, are we all set to board the liner?"

"Perhaps I could better answer your question after you tell me your latest report," replied Mrs. Foster, smilingly.

"Our boat is to sail the twenty-sixth," said Mr. Foster smilingly.

"No, you can't mean it! Why that's only ten more days," said Mrs. Foster in surprise.

"You're certainly a good guesser," teased Mr. Foster. "You see," he continued, "if we were to take the 'LeGrande' as we had planned I could not possibly be in Paris for the Grand Conference which begins February 14. As it is, we will have sufficient time for sight-seeing, operas, and what not."

"All right, Johnnie dear, I'm game! I'll be ready with bells on," was Mrs. Foster's enthusiastic reply.

Meanwhile Jeanne, who had been quietly sitting in the large lounging chair, rose and made her way over to where Mr. Foster was seated. She stood with her hands on the arm of his chair and turning her face to his said in a soft pleading voice,

"Daddy—"

"Yes, dear. Why Jeanne what is the matter?" questioned Mr. Foster tenderly setting her on his lap.

"Daddy," she pleaded, tightly encircling her arms about his neck, "please, daddy, take me with you. I want to go to Lourdes."

"Why, Jeanne!" What had come over Jeanne? he thought; it was so unlike her to act thus.

"Daddy," she began slowly, "I heard what Dr. Layne told you—about my eyes—"

Jeanne had heard!! Those terrible words which had torn his own heart! Those words that he himself could never forget—"Mr. Foster it is a hopeless case; your little girl will never see."

"Daddy," Jeanne continued, "I didn't mean to hear—I didn't want to hear—but the door was left open—and now, dear daddy, take me. I know that Our Lady can cure me."

"Darling, do you really believe this?"

"Oh yes, daddy, I am sure she can and she will."

"Jeanne, if I could only believe as you do."

"You won't refuse me will you, Daddy?"

Mr. Foster looked at his little girl, his priceless treasure. Her curls resembled a golden halo which encircled that sweet, sad, yet beautiful, face. Her poor sightless eyes, how pleading they were! She, his little angel, who meant more than life itself—could he refuse? No, never!

Four weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Jeanne knelt before the grotto of Our Lady in Lourdes, France.

Their trip had been a most delightful one. Through Jeanne's great enthusiasm her parents were just as eager as she, if not more so, to reach Lourdes. They had arrived just in time to participate in the Novena preceding the Feast of Our Lady, February 11. Although a non-Catholic, Mr. Foster graciously consented to the wishes of his daughter by making the novena with her and his wife.

Now as they knelt before the beautiful shrine to bid their last farewell, they were still confident of Jeanne's cure. Jeanne was more sure than ever that Our Blessed Lady would in some way help her.

They knelt with their eyes fixed on our Lady's blessed image. How beautiful she was! She was no longer a mere statue but a living reality.

A heavenly light encircled her being. She gazed upon the three who so resembled the Holy Family. She smiled; and then,

"Mother, Daddy, I see! I see!"

Mr. Foster took Jeanne into his arms and said,

"I, too, see, Jeanne, through the light of Faith."

Sume et Suscipe

(Continued from page 303)

was hidden, but Guy knew that there was only one who could move with the same grace and make the same harmonious gestures.

They had gone to the visitors' place at the top of the chapel; as they knelt there, that tall slender form reached the choir and knelt upon the steps with outstretched arms. In the silence an almost imperceptible whisper reached Guy's ear alone:

.... "Sume Domine, et suscipe."

As they reached the door to go out, the young man looked back for the last time and saw that motionless silhouette, standing out like a white cross, in the shadows of the sanctuary.

And hot, blinding tears filled his eyes, as memory recalled a moonlit forest road and Yamina's childish figure clad in white, barring his path with outstretched arms, to keep him from danger and to save his life at the peril of her own.

"Sume et suscipe." Was not that holocaust the very keynote of that generous heart? the expression of its love both human and divine?

Historical Calendar

February 1—1789—George Washington was elected first President of the United States.

1893—American Protectorate over Hawaii established.

February 2—1653—New York City incorporated.

1876—National league of Professional Baseball clubs organized at Louisville.

1889—Great fire at Buffalo, N. Y. \$3,000,000.00 loss.

February 3—1871—First provision trains arrived at Paris bringing relief to the starving inhabitants after surrender of

the city to the Prussians on January 28.

1888—Lick observatory completed at Mount Hamilton, California.

February 4—1644—Inhabitants of New England terrified by the appearance of a large comet.

1783—Cessation of hostilities between the American colonies and England, and the final conclusion of the seven years' war of the Revolution.

February 5—1853—Treaty signed at Mexico City, for opening a communication across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

- February 6—1778—France recognized the independence of the United States by concluding a treaty of defensive alliance with the new government.
1867—Mexico evacuated by French.
- February 7—1881—Work begun on Panama Canal.
1893—Long distance telephone opened between New York and Boston.
- February 8—1861—Jefferson Davis chosen provisional president of the Confederacy by Montgomery convention.
1910—Boy Scouts incorporated in the United States.
- February 9—1763—Canada was ceded by France to Great Britain.
1855—Gold discovered in Kern River, Southern California.
1870—United States weather bureau organized by act of congress.
- February 10—1899—President McKinley signed the peace treaty with Spain.
1916—Demand for an eight-hour day law made by representatives of 400,000 railway employees meeting at Cleveland.
- February 11—1889—Bill creating U. S. Department of Agriculture approved.
1892—United States millers contributed 4,500,000 pounds of flour to Russian peasants.
- February 12—1809—Birthday of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States. Born in Hardin County, Kentucky. Died at Washington April 15, 1865.
1912—Manchu dynasty in China ended with abdication of child emperor and establishment of the republic.
- February 13—1861—Electoral votes were counted in congress, Lincoln being declared president and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine vice-president.
- February 14—1876—Alexander Graham Bell was granted his telephone patent for the U. S.
1911—House of Representatives passed Canadian reciprocity bill 221 to 92. St. Valentine's Day.
- February 15—1879—Congress passed an act permitting women to practice before the United States Supreme Court.
1898—U. S. S. Maine blown up in Havana Harbor.
- February 16—1826—The Liberia Herald, the first paper printed in Africa, appeared at Monrovia, edited by Charles L. Force of Boston.
1913—Huerta proclaimed president of Mexico; Taft reaffirmed his policy of non-intervention.
- February 17—1867—First ship passed through Suez Canal.
- 1913—Death of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, at San Francisco, aged 72.
- February 18—1861—Jefferson Davis inaugurated president of the Confederate States of America, at Montgomery, Alabama.
1914—Congress passed the bill for construction of government railroad in Alaska.
- February 19—1916—Albert Smith made seaplane sustained flight record at San Diego, flying eight hours and forty-two minutes.
- February 20—1895—The Cuban Revolution began.
1915—Panama-Pacific International exposition opened at San Francisco, closed December 4, 1915, the total attendance having been 18,871,957.
- February 21—1853—Coinage of \$3 gold pieces authorized by U. S. Government.
1885—Washington Monument dedicated at Washington, D. C.
1909—American Battleship Fleet concluded its trip around the world.
- February 22—1732—Birthday of George Washington, born at Bridges Creek, Va. Died at Mount Vernon, December 14th, 1799.
1915—President Wilson named the members of the Federal Trade Commission.
- February 23—1827—Sir Walter Scott disclosed himself as "the Great Unknown," whose writings had made such a profound impression.
- February 24—1911—United States Senate ratified treaty with Japan.
1912—United States troops rushed to El Paso to protect American interests on the border.
- February 25—1863—Conscription Bill passed the U. S. House of Representatives by a vote of 115 to 49.
1908—Tunnels under Hudson River, connecting New York and New Jersey opened.
- February 26—1815—Napoleon escaped from Elba, accompanied by his old guard.
1848—French Republic was proclaimed from steps of Paris City Hall.
1871—Treaty of Peace between France and Prussia signed at Versailles.
- February 27—1801—Congress assumed jurisdiction of the District of Columbia.
- February 28—1871—Congress set apart Yellowstone Valley as a National Park.
1848—Negotiations for Armistice in Mexican War begun at Mexico City.
1880—Completion of St. Gothard Tunnel through the Alps.

My Goal

To stand up bravely for the right
And fight the wrong with all my might—
A job that's worth the doing;

To give to every task my best,
Ready when work is done to rest,
My strength renewing;

To do some good deed every day,
To love, to lift, to laugh, to pray,
And know that God is blessing—

Oh, this is greater far than fame,
'Tis winning out in Life's great game,
'Tis every good possessing.

Christmas at St. Michael's

In a personal letter to one of his confreres, dated Jan. 3, 1936, Father Edward Berheide, O. S. B., of St. Michael's Indian Mission, has this to say with regard to the blizzard that raged over the Devils Lake region in North Dakota in late December:

"Christmas eve, and on the octave thereof, New Year's eve, King Winter gave vent to his wrath in the form of blizzards. Paper reports state that the blizzard before Christmas was the worst in 39 years. Not realizing the severity of the storm, I ventured a trip to Devils Lake, which is about eleven miles distant, but in company with two strong, able-bodied Indians. At times visibility was completely obscured. I started early and fortunately got back before the roads had drifted shut. All our fine-spun plans for services on Christmas day at the outlying stations had to be cancelled. Phone calls came in telling us not to come—roads impassable. Fortunately Fr. Damian went to Fort Totten in the morning, remained over night, and had midnight Mass according to his schedule. It hurt Fr. Timothy not to be able to go to Crow Hill. Here at St. Michael's we turned the evil into good and had a solemn High Mass at the Mission. The Indians who came earlier in the day had the advantage of this Mass. In the early morning hours the storm abated, and for the ten o'clock High Mass and the afternoon celebration we had the largest crowd of Indians I ever saw at the Mission, except at the Indian Congress. Just give them a half chance and they will come. The sacrifices and discomforts they undergo to be present at the regular Sunday services is truly edifying and encouraging. There is much faith among them.

"All in all, Christmas here was very enjoyable. Santa Claus was good to all. Yet one catastrophe marred the occasion. One of our Indians, caught in the blizzard, froze to death within three miles of the Mission and just a short distance from his home."

As to the intense cold that prevails in those northern regions Father Edward says: "Zero and subzero are simply normal temperatures up here.... The Grey Nuns have a mission up at Fort Resolution in Canada. 'One of the oddities of the climate up here,' writes a sister from that distant point to one of her companions

at St. Michael's, 'is for the mercury to take a sudden tumble down to 65 below.' Special thermometers are required to register the temperature...."

In a final paragraph the writer closes with: "After being up till 1:00 a. m. New Year's morning.... confessions till midnight, distribution of Holy Communion, Benediction, and attending the Indian celebration in the near-by meeting house thereafter; then by force of circumstances having to keep late hours the two following nights—Well, the sand man is coming. Good night!"

Orate Fratres

With the first issue of Volume X (November 30), *Orate Fratres* inaugurated changes both in its editorial staff and in its general scope.

Dom Virgil Michel, O. S. B., first editor of the magazine and nationally known for his liturgical as well as for his sociological writings, has again resumed editorial direction. Several new associate editors have also been added to the staff.

The primary aim of the magazine will remain the same as heretofore: to strive for an active and intelligent participation on the part of all Catholics in the public and official worship of the Church, "the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit" (Pope Pius X). But since the editors of *Orate Fratres* are convinced that the need of such an active participation has become widely recognized within the past few years, and that many serious attempts are being made to meet this need, they consider the time opportune to broaden the scope of their endeavors. *Orate Fratres* will in future devote more attention to the practical manifestations of this "true Christian spirit" in every phase and walk of life. Hence more articles will be included that treat of art, literature, culture, social work, etc., in their relation to, and dependence on, the liturgy and the liturgical spirit. As one of our friends has expressed it: "It is not only necessary to lead the people to the altar, but also from there into the world so that the true Christian spirit may more consciously affect their every action." We are certain that if this can be accomplished, it will mean the true reconstruction of society after the mind of Christ; it will mean a renewed Christian culture and civilization.

My Eucharistic King

You've entered thru the ruby gates
And passed the walls of pearl
Your feet have tread the coral way
That leads within my heart
And there as Prisoner all my own
Held captive You shall stay.

I've captured You with love, my King,
And love will keep You bound
But there within my heart's Your throne
And You can rule from there
And tho You are my Captive still
My kingdom is Your Own.

Catholic Education

Although the enemies of the Church have tried a number of times to put through bills for the eradication of the parochial school, so far they have not succeeded. It is not the Protestants who oppose parochial schools, but those of no faith whatsoever. What the Protestants think of the Catholic parochial school is fittingly told in the following excerpt:

"The Roman Catholic system of education, combining religious with secular teaching, is to be commended. Their self-sacrificing effort in maintaining their parochial schools for this purpose ought to cause us Protestants to blush, when it is compared with our own indifference in this matter. The religious training of Protestant children is left almost entirely to the Sunday School, where the great bulk of the teachers are so inefficient and indifferent that they exert no moral influence over their charges."

As a matter of fact, there is only one sect, the Lutheran, which invariably erects a school beside its churches; the others depend, as the excerpt reads, upon their Sunday Schools, and if any of the children were questioned, it would be found that they know little or nothing of what they believe or do not believe. In fact, even the men and women of the various congregations hardly know what the doctrine of their church is.

The Catholic Church, however, knowing the importance of daily religious education in order to ground the child well in his Faith, has provided for this contingency in her parochial schools. Without religion there can be no God-fearing nation, and without the fear of God, criminals shall increase and multiply. Well-known jurists and lawyers, having had so much experience with crime, have been forced to admit that religion is the only cure for this deplorable state. Yet there are Catholics who lightly ignore this unescapable fact, and send their children to secular schools, under the argument that "they do not care to have the matter of religion overdone" in regard to their children!

Finding New Interests

No one need lead a narrow life. If one's daily work seems humdrum and tiresome, then it behooves us to get it done as well and as quickly as possible, and then turn to things we love to do. Often, in the case of a capable woman whose children have grown up and married, she finds time hanging heavy on her hands; she is still vigorous, but her household work has so diminished in volume that there is not enough to fill her day. Many women, having faithfully done their own housework for many years, find themselves in such a rut that they cannot think, see, feel or breathe anything but scrubbing, washing, ironing, etc.

It is, of course, commendable to be a perfect housewife, but, after children have grown up, and there is no longer such need for intensive application, the wife and mother has a right to improve her mind, make her life more interesting, and thus, assist her nerves and her health at the most critical time of her life. One woman writes in and asks what she could do. Her

doctor recommends that she find interests outside her home, as her too constant application to household cares has begun to tell on her health. She was quite a talented person before her marriage, but, what with babies coming on apace, she simply had no time for anything but household chores and child-raising.

Now would be a good time for her to take up once again the landscape painting in water color, at which she excelled during her high school years and after; or the music which she studied so long, but allowed to go to seed. Having dropped most of her friends, she might now look up a few old and dear ones, and renew the friendship once again. She used to be a great church worker, but for twenty years was not able to help out, while her family were small. She might now taste again the pleasure she once felt in interesting herself in the affairs of her parish. Or she might renew the habit she once had, of taking out some grandmother from the old age home for a ride in her car.

"An Ounce of Prevention---"

Have all stairs well lighted; many a serious accident has resulted from a mis-step in the dark.

Do not keep bottles of poison in the medicine cabinet. Hide them away on a top rear pantry shelf and stick pins in the cork so that it will not be mistaken for anything else.

Sweep up broken glass very carefully; someone may step into it. If in the street, automobiles or horses may have accidents. Broken glass anywhere is a menace.

Do not place pails, tubs or boilers of scalding water or pans of hot starch on the basement floor. A child may fall into it, and even a grown person back into it.

Where there are small, inquisitive babies, be sure all sewing machine drawers, cutlery holders, cabinet doors, etc. are securely locked. Keep razors, scissors, ice picks, etc., high out of reach; matches in inaccessible places; hot liquids far back on the stove; if a pin or needle is dropped, never rest until it is found. Never thoughtlessly stick them into pillows or cushions, or into one's blouse. Don't let baby have a glass or fork or other thing on which he may injure himself, just because he might cry if you take it away. Have ready some interesting toy, and quickly make the change; he will hardly protest.

If one's clothing catches fire, lie down and roll over and over until flames are smothered; or roll up in a blanket or the floor carpet.

Do not turn a gas fire low if windows are open and a breeze is blowing in; protect the gas flame so it won't go out. Don't try to boil a badly stained garment in gasoline over an open fire. It is better to spend the money at the cleaner's.

When putting iodine on a cut or scratch, be sure the iodine is painted *inside* the wound instead of outside; otherwise it may fester.

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